

Labor.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."—GEN. iii. 19.

The curse is to a blessing turned;

Toll on, brave hearts, toll on!

The rest that's dearly won.

For health, and strength, and energy,

Are theirs whose nerves are strong

To act their part right manfully,

Strenuous labor's ranks among.

And toil was sanctified and blest

By Him who came to save:

Who sought not here an idler's rest,

Nor filled a sluggard's grave.

His hands have grasped the workman's tools;

His brows have sweat with toil;

Though born the universe to rule,

And Death and Hell to spoil.

Then still toil on, ye sons of earth,

Until the respite's given,

And God completes your noble birth,

And hails you sons of Heaven.

'E'en though life's little hour you spend

In toils and conflicts sore,

Your labor soon will have an end,

Your rest will end no more.

—Hand and Heart.

AN AMAZON'S RECEPTION.

AN INCIDENT OF 1779.

"Tryon is coming! Tryon is coming!" was the cry that blanched many a cheek in Connecticut in the month of July, 1779.

This news, that spread like wildfire about the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, was well calculated to excite alarm in Patriot breasts; for Tryon was a merciless invader, and wherever he went the torch completed his work of destruction. In the month of February of the year just written he had ravaged Kingsbridge and Horse Neck, and now, for the second time, had entered the State.

His soldiers committed, under his very eye, atrocities of the most shocking description; they plundered without distinction; old and young, rich and poor felt alike the merciless hands of the king's man. East Haven, Fairfield and Norwalk were reduced to ashes, and a thousand acts of barbarous cruelty were perpetrated on the homeless patriots. A force sufficient to check the advance of the invader could not be raised in the State. Connecticut's able-bodied patriots were absent in the army, and their homes were as defenseless as the lion's whelps when the parents are away in search of food.

Governor Tryon knew that he would find Connecticut completely at his mercy, and congratulated himself on the easy conquest that invited him to her shores. He succeeded in his errand of devastation, and returned to his superior with victory in his hand. But he made his name odious throughout North America, and his memory execrable to every patriot in the land.

Not far from Norwalk stood the plain home of Barbara Bidlack, whose husband was an artillerist doing duty under Knox. She was a large, muscular woman whose strength was prodigious; it had gained for her the singular sobriquet of "Mrs. Hercules," a title of which she was rather proud than otherwise. Her features were rather inclined to coarseness, and a close physiognomist would have concluded that there was Celtic blood in her veins. As she had no children, she was the sole occupant of her house, and her nearest neighbor was a young woman named Haven, who had lost her husband at the battle of Brier Creek.

Mrs. Bidlack, who seldom exchanged visits with the young widow, was not aware of Tryon's second invasion until he began to approach Norwalk. The terror of the inhabitants, many of whom were abandoning their homes, acquainted her with the disastrous state of affairs, and her eyes flashed fire when she exclaimed to the fugitives:

"You may go, if you wish; but two hundred such rascals as Governor Tryon cannot frighten Barbara Bidlack one inch from her home! If the red-coated scoundrel enters my house he'll meet with a reception he'll never forget!"

More than once she was urged to fly, but disdained with a proud and defiant curl of the lip, and awaited with eagerness the arrival of the invaders.

She was soon treated to the sight of Norwalk in flames, and saw the torch applied to her neighbors' houses. But the spectacle moved her not; she did not even barricade her door, nor suspend for a moment the performance of her household duties. But all the time there was an indignant gleam in her eyes, and more than once she glared at the old musket which occupied one corner of her kitchen.

It was near the hour of noon one sultry day in July when Barbara Bidlack, about to discuss the frugal meal she had prepared, was startled by a heavy footstep.

Lifting her eyes from the steaming meat that graced the little table, she beheld a British officer standing in the door. His aspect did not trouble her in the least, though she knew from his uniform that he was a soldier of lofty rank.

"Another plate, Mrs. Hercules!" he commanded, in a haughty tone, striding forward, and, at the same time, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, as if to frighten her.

She smiled derisively as she rose to her feet.

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am a man devilishly well known hereabouts, and I dare say that the rebels will not soon forget me! My name is Tryon."

Governor Tryon, the British rascal—the man who burns houses over widow's heads, and robs the babe of its cradle! If you are Governor Tryon I know you for the meanest villain that ever trod New England soil."

The governor did not reply, but sprang into the saddle and gathered up the reins.

"You are just the vixen I heard you were!" he exclaimed. "They call you with mock gallantry."

The Deaf-Huntes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

NUMBER 17.

Mrs. Hercules throughout this region, and I must say you resemble the stable-cleansing god in build. Where is your husband?

"Under the flag that wouldn't own you as a defender!" was the reply.

"He's a rebel, then!" said Tryon with a sneer.

"Like his wife! He's a soldier, too, and not a house-burner."

"Mrs. Hercules, I discover that my clemency is not recognized by the people of this State, and that my king's heart is supposed to contain no good. Why, my dear woman, the existence of a single house on the coast is a monument of King George's mercy and mine! But we will discuss this subject at the table. I have ridden several miles to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with a woman of whom I have heard much, and, besides, I am hungry. That meat looks delatable."

"It wasn't cooked for a British general!" exclaimed the fearless woman with flashing eyes, and the next minute she removed the meat and thrust it into her rude cupboard, to the consternation of the governor.

"Come, come," he said, "I don't want to sit down to a cold dinner."

"Then go somewhere else and get your dinner! There are sneaking tories about Norwalk who would rejoice to tickle your tongue with the best they have in the house."

The Briton's anger rose again.

"I command that meat to be replaced upon the table!" he said, drawing his sword. "Your accursed insolence is not becoming one of your sex; and I will bear it no longer! I can assure you now that to-morrow's sun will shine upon a heap of ashes instead of this hot-bed of rebellion. Now bustle about and get the last dinner you will ever set before a guest beneath this roof."

"You prefer a warm dinner?" Mrs. Bidlack replied, in a tone half-interrogative.

"A warm dinner, of course!" answered Tryon. "A British general does not sit down to cold meat and potatoes."

The strong-minded woman did not reply; but stepped toward the fireplace on whose smoke-begrimed crane hung a large iron kettle. A volume of steam that rose from the water in the kettle showed that it was boiling, and the British officer did not divine her intention—not even when he saw her seize a gourd dipper from the wall and thrust it into the hot caldron.

"You shall be treated to a warm dinner in one minute if you don't leave my house!" cried Barbara, wheeling suddenly upon the renegade governor. "If you do not instantly make your odious self scarce, I'll scald you!"

Tryon's cheeks grew pale when he saw the steam that rose from the dipper which the patriot woman had suddenly jerked from the kettle. He saw by her flashing eyes that she would carry her threat into execution, and involuntarily moved toward the door.

"Get along!" she cried, advancing with her novel weapon. "I wonder what John Tryon would say if he knew that the infamous Tryon had entered our house. Twill take a week's scrubbing to erase your footprints from the floor."

"No need of scrubbing, madam!" hissed Tryon, angrily, "I'm going to burn them out!"

"Then you will save me work," retorted Barbara; "but move along! my water is getting cool, and might not hurt your brazen cheeks."

The officer retorted with a furious oath, and for a moment turned his back upon the amazon.

His action changed the scene, for Barbara suddenly dropped the gourd and its steaming contents and seized him by the collar!

"I'll hasten your retreat, you miserable dog!" she exclaimed. "For a shilling I'd shake your bones into a heap," and she almost lifted him from the floor, as if to give him an example of her celebrated strength.

Tryon, who at times enjoyed a joke could not appreciate the ludicrousness of his situation. He was mad with passion, and it was well for his enemy that her hold was secure. She bore him toward the door, and all at once sent him whirling from the threshold into the yard where he had left his horse.

"There! it is the best reception I can give a British general!" she shouted, when Tryon had checked his course. "Now go back to your house-burners, and send them here as quickly as possible. I've got a musket in the house, and a goodly supply of ball. And mind you, red-coat Tryon, keep your distance!"

Standing near the steeple which had witnessed his master's inglorious exit from Barbara's domicile, the governor listened to the last threat. I dare say that never before had he been so angry. He bit his whitened lips till they bled, and the hand which he had lifted touched the butt of the pistol in the holster.

"I'm coming back!" he said, "and in the fire that consumes your house my men shall cook their suppers."

"But they will not enjoy them as you have enjoyed your dinner!" said Barbara, sarcastically.

The governor did not reply, but sprang into the saddle and gathered up the reins.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hercules!" he said, "They call you with mock gallantry."

"Come again when you are hungry!" she shouted after him, as he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away toward Norwalk.

He disappeared in a minute, and Barbara Bidlack re-entered her house with a smile of triumph on her face.

"I allow that he will not soon forget me!" she said to herself, and then quietly resumed a discussion of the repast which the haughty Briton had interrupted.

After dinner she gathered up a few articles which she called valuable, and destroyed others which she thought might be called prizes by the plundering soldiery. Having done this she left the house to the mercy of the foe, and satisfied with her victory over Tryon, sought safety in flight. A longer stay beneath her roof would be the height of folly, for she knew that Tryon would carry his rage to attempts on her life.

About sundown a company of the governor's troops swooped down upon the house like so many destroying eagles, and having ransacked it from cellar to garret, applied the invader's torch. Tryon was not among the destroyers; he feared the giantess who had given him such a warm reception, and her last threat admonished him to keep his person aloof.

Mrs. Bidlack lived to help her husband build a new house over the ruins of the old one, and to recount to amused listeners, long after the war, her story of Governor Tryon's reception.

A Legend of the Evil One.

One part of the Castle at Nuremberg, called the Heathen Tower, was built by the Romans 1,500 years ago, but the main buildings date back for about eight hundred and fifty years only. Near the entrance of the court yard is a well cut through the solid rock to a depth of 335 feet. They were thirty years in building it. The maid who showed us the well let down some lighted candles in a tin reflector, until they looked to be miles below us; and by these we saw the entrances to the secret passages which led to several parts of the city.

Entering the small court yard we saw in the centre of it the limetree planted 500 years ago by Cunigunde, at the time of the departure of her lord, Henry I., on the crusade.

She said, "If this tree flourishes, my lord will return to me in health and safety; but if it dies, I will cease to hope for him."

It is needless to add that he returned, to the great joy of his beautiful queen. On the foundation of the old-heathen tower is built the first Christian chapel, over this arch, before the altar, is painted the fat face of a jovial monk with his tongue run out of the side of his mouth; upon asking Valet why that was there, he pointed to one of the four stone columns of the room, in which there was a visible crack, and gave us the following legend:

While the castle was being built, the archbishop declared that upon the return of the emperor from his campaign the chapel of the castle must be consecrated. The monk who had charge of this work made known this decree to the architect, who said it was impossible to finish the building at that time, because there was wanting four large columns which he had to bring from a distance. The monk that night lay upon his couch in sore distress, thinking of all the souls that would go to perdition because of there being no chapel in which masses could be said. Without raged a dreadful storm. At length he fell into a troubled sleep, when suddenly he became conscious of a *Presence*, and looking up, he beheld his room filled with smoke, which gradually took shape, and he knew that Satan stood before him.

Seizing the crucifix he cried, "Apage Satan!" but Satan, instead of departing told him he knew in what trouble he was, and had come to make a proposition to him.

He said he knew a temple in Rome where there were four pillars, just such as were needed to finish the chapel; and he would make a wage to bring and put them in place before the monk could say a mass. The monk knew the devil's only conditions, viz.: the possession of his soul if he succeeded, and thinking that he knew nothing of Latin, and that he could say "Amen" whenever it was necessary, he agreed. He further thought that even angels in Heaven would not condemn him if he cheated the devil, and brought him to finish a Christian Chapel.

The devil said he would sit on the turret of the tower until he heard the monk's bell ring for the beginning of the mass. The monk assembled his acolytes, and as the bell sounded there was a rush past the chapel, the sound of which exceeded the roar of the tempest. Dr. Smith produced a bill of fare for the inmates of the castle, and the meal was served in the hall. The monk ate heartily, and the acolytes followed his example. The meal was over, and the monk was sent to his cell, where he slept soundly. The next morning, Dr. Smith produced a bill of fare for the inmates of the castle, and the meal was served in the hall. The monk ate heartily, and the acolytes followed his example. The meal was over, and the monk was sent to his cell, where he slept soundly.

Satan was at work, and in a few moments the first, then the second, column was set in its place. The storm without increased in fury and violence, and the castle shook as if heaven and earth had met. The acolytes fell fainting to the floor from fright as the third column was set and the monk but half through the mass. The brave monk continued, and as the fourth column appeared with the fifth, the monk was sent to his cell, where he slept soundly.

There are over 16,000 soldiers buried in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg. The spot has been rendered very beautiful and is visited daily by large numbers of people.

Trowsers obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

Marrying an Editor.

Yes. I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. I confess I liked Mr. Snow, and, thinking it would be a fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said "Yes," as pretty as I knew how, and I became Mrs. Snow.

I have seen ten years of married life, and find my husband to be an amiable, good-natured man. He always spends his evenings at home, and is in that respect a model man; but he always brings a pile of exchanges, which is only limited by the length of his arms, and reads, while I patch the knees and elbows of his pantaloons and coat. We have had a Quaker meeting of an hour's length break the stillness by asking:

"Mr. Snow did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"What did you say, my dear?" he asks, after a few minutes silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come tomorrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying; and, rather liking a noise of that sort, I make no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr. Snow, after he has cried a minute or so, "you had better give the baby some catnip tea to quiet him; he troubles me."

The baby is still. Another hour passes, without a breath of noise. Becoming tired, I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engrossed with his papers that he does not see me leave the room. Toward midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen to sleep the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quietly as possible, and try to still him. While I am walking the room with a small Snow in my arms, our next—a boy of three years begins to scream at the top of his lungs. There is no other course but call Mr. Snow; so I say:

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

The third time he starts up, and cries, "What, Tom! more copy?"

As though I was Tom, that little imp running about the office. I replied tartly:

"No, I don't want any more copy—I have had enough of that to last me my life-time! I want you to see what Tom is crying about."

Mr. Snow makes a desperate attempt to arouse himself; as Tommy stops to take a breath he falls to sleep again, leaving me to pace the room in as much vexation as I can comfortably contain.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Halifax, N. S., Institution.

We have received a copy of the eighteenth annual report of the above-named Institution for 1875, of which Mr. J. Scott Hutton, M. A., is principal. The Directors of the Institution report that all is going on well within its walls at the close of the eighteenth year of its existence, for which they thank a kind Providence. With scarcely an exception, the health of the inmates has been good. The comforts and advantages of the last year's improvements in the establishment have been fully realized, and it is hoped now that large numbers will be attracted from all the Maritime Provinces to enjoy its privileges, so cheaply offered. The directors also acknowledge an additional grant of \$200, in 1875, from the New Brunswick Government, and express their pleasure at a recent visit of three members of that body to the Institution.

Another director has died—Charles Murdoch, Esq., whose brother's noble donation of \$20,000 to the Institution may be said to have placed it on a solid basis. The Secretary—Rev. J. C. Cochran, D. D., is the only one left of the original directors.

The free passage of deaf-mutes over the railways, which was for a while withdrawn, has, the directors are pleased to say, been restored, for which they feel very thankful.

The worthy and long-tried Principal and his assistants, and also the matron, are discharging their duties faithfully.

The Principal reports that the year just closed has been one of quiet usefulness, and that the health of the pupils has been excellent, no case of serious sickness having occurred during the year.

The total number of deaf-mutes benefited by the Institution during the year was 62—43 males and 19 females.

As the result of personal inquiry, the Principal has on his list the names of twenty or twenty-five deaf-mutes in the Province of Nova Scotia alone, who ought to be in school, and he thinks there are others. It is a lamentable fact that so many are allowed to grow up to manhood and womanhood without instruction, and he again urges, as he has often done before, ministers of religion, medical men, school teachers and trustees, and all interested in the unfortunate, to use their influence in procuring the attendance of all deaf-mutes at school.

The educational work of the Institution during the year has been carried on with a fair measure of success. The Institution has now a library and reading-room which is open to the pupils and to all deaf-mute residents of the city. The reading-room is supplied with five dailies, six weeklies, six religious papers and ten illustrated periodicals. As yet the library is comparatively small, and the Institution would thankfully receive donations of books of a simple and instructive kind, especially illustrated works—history and biography, travels and adventures, tales, illustrations of animals and plants, their habits, uses, &c.

The pupils, accompanied by one of the teachers, attend public worship in Trinity Church on Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon there is Sabbath School at the Institution. Besides this the Principal holds morning services at the Institution during the usual hours of public worship for the deaf-mutes of the city of Dartmouth at which there is an attendance of from ten to fourteen. On Sunday evening a number of these deaf-mutes meet in the library for religious exercises and Bible study. These efforts for the spiritual welfare of pupils are not without fruit; a considerable proportion of the former pupils of the Institution are consistent professors of religion, and some of the present pupils are evincing much interest in the cause of Christianity.

The pupils, as far as possible are trained to useful and industrious habits. The girls do a large part of the house work and keep their own and the boys' clothing in repair. Only two paid domestics and one little errand girl are employed. Each boy, when out of school, has some work assigned to him, and every one is held responsible for the proper performance of the duties allotted to him. Several boys, under the superintendence of Mr. Jas. W. Dole, a teacher in the Institution, have acquired some knowledge of the art of printing, and also the manufacture of shipping tags. Nearly 5,000 of these tags have been made and sold during the year.

During the vacation a number of the boys showed their gratitude by collecting money for the building fund in their re-

spective neighborhoods. The sums thus collected ranged from \$4.00 to \$34.00; the whole amount collected by them was \$193.31. The exhibit of the Treasurer shows a healthy condition of the finances.

The facts gathered from the several reports show that steady progress among the pupils is rewarding the Principal and his assistants for their persistent and unflagging efforts in behalf of the deaf and dumb. The report contains many matters of interest, but we have only space to publish some of its leading points. It is, however, proper to state that the Province of Nova Scotia is alive to the duties she owes to her unfortunate, and if some of the deaf-mutes that Province insist upon groping their way through the world in ignorance, it is not the fault of the Government. The Institution doors are thrown open, deaf-mutes are invited, and urged, and, if they choose enter her walls, and receive instruction which will make them happy and useful citizens.

The Centennial Convention.

We learn with deep regret that the appropriation bill of the Pennsylvania Legislature, at least that part which appropriates money for the maintenance of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has not yet been reached. The natural consequence is, the Institution treasury is not burdened with funds, and it is possibly owing to this state of affairs that the petition for the use of the buildings for deaf-mute centennial uses, is delayed. We trust, however, that the time is near when everything will be satisfactorily arranged.

The deaf-mutes intending to go to Philadelphia should not, however, neglect to study the price list of the accommodations Mr. Carlin offers to provide.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Institution.

There seems to be but little hope of a New Jersey Deaf and Dumb Institution for the present. The bill passed by the Legislature appropriating \$350,000 for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, the blind and the feeble-minded, which was signed by Gov. Bedell, has been brought up lately, and failed to pass over the Governor's veto. It is to be greatly regretted that Gov. Bedell deemed it advisable to withhold his signature to a bill of so much importance, but we still have the utmost confidence in believing that at no remote period some similar bill will be passed and become a law, providing for the erection of an Institution for the education of New Jersey's deaf-mutes.

Little, wealthy, enterprising and intelligent Jersey will not much longer fold her hands, content to be so much behind so many of her sister States in this respect.

The School Amendment.

The following is the form in which the Democratic minority of the Legislature have agreed to adopt the Constitutional amendment on the school question. It has been drawn up by the Committee appointed for the purpose :

SEC. 2. The State shall maintain a system of common schools, which shall be free forever. The Legislature shall provide for the instruction in the branches of elementary education for the period of at least twenty-eight weeks in each year of all persons in the State between the ages of five and twenty-one years, by annually raising thereto, by tax upon the property in the respective counties, a sum of not less than three million dollars.

SEC. 3. Neither the money nor the credit of the State, nor of any county, town, municipal corporation, or school district, shall be given or loaned to or otherwise applied to the support of or to any school or schools not wholly under the control and management of the public school authorities of the State, or of the county, town, municipal corporation, or school district in which they are located. This section shall not, however, prevent the Legislature from making provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents as it may deem proper; nor shall it apply to any fund or property now held or which may hereafter be held by the State for educational purposes.

This form of the amendment makes it a nullity as far as the deaf and dumb of the State are concerned. It leaves their interests exactly as they exist now.

Whether the form, as introduced in a powerful speech by the Republican member, omitted the last sentence purposely and advisedly, is not wholly clear. Still,

when we remember the great care bestowed in its preparation, we can hardly escape the conclusion that nothing was curtailed unknowingly. If it is made a party question, the majority will win.

There may be some compromise. We shall watch and wait.

Louisiana as It Is.

Through the courtesy of Robert T. Lawrence, a graduate of the New York Institution and now of Brashears City, La., we have received a copy of a valuable book, entitled, "Louisiana as it is."

The book contains a large map of the State, showing its dimensions by counties, or Parishes as they are called, abounds in a great diversity of valuable statistics of the amount of crops in different Parishes, the expense of raising sugar, corn and other crops, and is a valuable work, especially for any one who may think of emigrating south to purchase farms. The map is a very convenient reference. We shall, for the benefit of our readers, in some future edition of the JOURNAL publish some facts gathered from the statistics setting forth some of the principal inducements for farmers to settle in Louisiana.

Skillful Work by Deaf-Mutes.

We have lately received from Mr. Jas. W. Dole, of Halifax (N. S.) Deaf-Mute Institution, several very fine specimens of printing executed by pupils of the institution, who are learning the printer's trade, while they are also securing intellectual education. The samples sent us consist of several varieties of shipping tags with price lists of the same printed on their reverse sides, also a number of sheets of printing which was done by the pupils, and in addition to these some sample cards of admission to various entertainments which have been given in the city, the printing of which was done by the boys. The samples of job work executed by the pupils learning the trade are all beautifully finished specimens of work and reflect much honor upon the institution. We understand that the printing establishment turns off a large amount of job work, and can safely say that parties having job printing to be done at the institution will find the work tastefully and satisfactorily accomplished.

JOHN ANSEROW, a deaf-mute of Flint,

Mich., has a shoe shop, and is doing business for himself. Notwithstanding the hard times, he is doing very well.

MR. AND MRS. HORACE G. MOODY, both deaf-mutes, educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., are living on a farm of thirty-six acres, near the village of Lebanon Centre, Me. They have three bright and healthy children, all of whom are speaking boys.

WINFIELD S. PAY, of Great Falls, N. H., who attended school for ten years at the American Asylum, and is between 20 and 25 years of age, last winter became insane, and went home to be cared for by his mother. He, however, grew worse, and was sent to the State Lunatic Asylum at Concord, N. H. His father died some years ago of consumption, and he has entertained great fears that he would also die of the same disease. It appears that he has been unwell for some time, and as his medicine seemed to do him no good, it is highly probable that he grew melancholy, and from that cause his insanity arose.

AMOS SMITH, a deaf-mute of New Boston, N. H., has sold his young stallion for \$200. He is half Black Hawk and half Messenger stock, both of which are noted for nerve, muscle and activity. Amos has quite an admiration for good stock. He has a large, pompous turkey gobbler, which struts about the barn yard with quite an air of authority, endeavoring to clear the grounds of all other occupants, whether human, biped or quadruped. He usually maintains his supremacy, and, with Robinson Crusoe, can truly say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

CONFIRMATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following article relating to the confirmation of deaf-mutes by Bishop Bedell and his address to the confirmed in Grace Church, Cleveland, O., on Palm Sunday evening, under the direct charge of Mr. A. W. Mann, we copy from the Standard of the Cross. It came too late for last week's issue at the time that we published the address:

The Bishop's official visit to this church on Palm Sunday evening was altogether unique in its character. About one-half of the candidates for confirmation were the sons and daughters of Silence—deaf-mutes—who had been prepared for the solemn rite by Mr. A. W. Mann, himself a deaf-mute, under the direction of the Rector, Rev. Dr. Washburn. It was an emergency not contemplated by the Prayer Book, which provides for almost every conceivable need of our fallen humanity. There could be no answering "audibly," in this case, as required in the rubric. The hearing candidates were arranged at one side of the chancel, and the mutes at the other. The Bishop first addressed and confirmed the whole class in the usual way; then dismissing to their pews the former, who continued standing, he proceeded to address the latter through the interpreter, Mr. Mann, who was furnished with a copy of the address, and rendered it in the sign language as rapidly as the words were uttered by the Bishop. The whole scene was affecting in the extreme. The earnest, intelligent countenances of the class fastened intently upon every motion of their teacher and guide; his most expressive gestures, which it scarcely required the Bishop's words for the rest of the congregation to understand; every feature of the Bishop's countenance all aglow with the excitement and novelty of the occasion; his most appropriate words of counsel—no one who was present will ever forget these features of the Palm Sunday visitation at Grace Church.

At the conclusion of the address, which was necessarily prepared beforehand, the Bishop presented a copy of it to each of the newly confirmed mutes.

DEATH OF MRS. ORVILLE ROBINSON.

Mrs. Lucretia Robinson, wife of Orville Robinson, Esq., whose death we announced to-day, was born in Schoharie County in 1802 and removed in early life to Otsego County, where she married Mr. Robinson. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Robinson came to Mexico, in this country where they resided until 1848. In that year they removed to this city and have lived here ever since. During her long residence in this city and county Mrs. Robinson had won the friendship and esteem of all who were brought into social relations with her and her death will be learned with sincere regret by a large circle of friends.

The deceased had been an invalid for several years and had frequently, of late, expressed a desire that the end might come which would relieve her of her suffering. Nevertheless, the bereavement is a severe one for the members of the family who were devotedly attached to the deceased. They have the warm sympathy of the entire community.

Oswego Times, Saturday.

THE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION OF JACKSON, Mich., enters the second year of its existence with prospects of success as bright as when it was first inaugurated.

ALL OF THE PUPILS IN THE MINNESOTA INSTITUTION TAKE DRAWING LESSONS TWICE A WEEK. MANY OF THEM ARE SAID TO BE IMPROVING RAPIDLY.

EMANUEL A. LOUWEINE, A GRADUATE OF THE INSTITUTION FOR IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES, NEW YORK, HAS REMOVED WITH HIS PARENTS TO CINCINNATI, OHIO, WHERE THEY WILL MAKE THEIR FUTURE RESIDENCE.

AT THE HARLEM POLICE COURT YESTERDAY, JOHN M. MURPHY, A GARDENER AT THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, AT CARMANSVILLE, WAS ARRAIGNED FOR CRUELTY HEATING JOHN LUTZ, AN INMATE OF THAT INSTITUTION. LUTZ, A BOY, PROVOKED MURPHY BY TRAMPLED UP HIS FLOWER BEDS. MURPHY WAS HELD FOR EXAMINATION.—N. Y. TRIBUNE, APRIL 10TH.

HON. CHENEY AMES, OF OSWEGO, WAS IN TOWN YESTERDAY.

—WE ARE HAPPY TO STATE THAT THE YOUNG LADY OF THIS VILLAGE, WHO, ON EASTER SUNDAY, ATE A DOZEN EGGS, IS BEGINNING TO RECOVER FROM HER SICKNESS.

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Toronto, Canada, Notes.

A deaf and dumb society was formed last summer, but owing to the small membership, and its not being based on a good footing, it began gradually to fall away; so on Wednesday, the 5th inst., Dr. Palmer, Principal of the Ontario Deaf and Dumb Institution at Belleville, called a meeting of the deaf mutes of Toronto to be held on Thursday, the 6th inst., in Shaftesbury Hall, for the purpose of organizing a Deaf and Dumb Literary Society, similar to those in New York, Boston and Chicago.

In response to the above call about twenty assembled at the place above named. The chair was occupied by Dr. Palmer, who at the outset explained the object of the meeting, pointing out to those present the desirability of taking some steps for their general improvement, and suggesting that the only way to do so was to have a Literary Society formed, with a library and reading-room in connection therewith. The Dr. then requested those present to come forward and sign their names as acquiescing and the call was eagerly responded to. The following were then appointed a Committee to meet with Dr. Palmer, and draw up a constitution and by-laws to be submitted at a meeting, which was held the following evening: Wm. Temple, Chas. J. Howe, Geo. Broomfield, Andrew Clark, and Richard Slater. On the day following the above Committee met as requested, in one of the rooms of the Rossin House, where they prepared a report, which was submitted to the adjourned meeting in the evening, when it was unanimously adopted. After this the members elected from among themselves by ballot the following officers: President, Wm. Temple; Vice-President, Thos. Kirkpatrick; Secretary, Richard Slater; Treasurer, Chas. J. Howe; Librarian, George Broomfield. After the election the newly-elected President took the chair, and expressed his sentiments to the meeting, thanking them for the honor shown him; and promising to enter heartily into the duties of his office. The monthly dues were then fixed at twenty-five cents, and it was agreed to meet monthly, on Wednesday for the transaction of business. The Secretary was directed to address a circular to the citizens of Toronto soliciting their subscriptions to a fund to be applied in carrying out the objects of the Association. Dr. Palmer advised the members to have an Executive Committee appointed, and gave them some practical suggestions for their guidance. It was, on motion of one of the members, agreed to ask Dr. Palmer to become Patron of the association. Dr. Palmer accepted the honor, and in doing so congratulated the meeting on the success which had attended the enterprise. He stated that beginnings were generally small, and had no doubt that this organization would soon assume larger proportions. We would, he had no doubt, soon have a place of our own where we could profitably spend our evenings and improve our minds. He also stated that teachers from his Institution would be sent down at times to give us lectures. After some further interchange of sentiments the meeting closed by tendering a vote of thanks to Dr. Palmer, in recognition of the kindly interest taken by him in the welfare and improvement of the deaf and dumb.

TORONTIAN.

The Central New York Institution.

Your casual friend of a fortnight ago, attempted to post you on life in these parts, and he posted you well on everybody and everything except himself. He is no casual personage, friend Rider; he has a conspicuousness, a frequency, and a bearing which even the canine residents of the neighborhood do not disdain to notice and recognize. Hence you will hardly be surprised when I tell you that several of these canines aforesaid receive from him, at every available opportunity, fresh progress toward the happy barking grounds.

Spring is fairly upon us. Do you doubt it, you have only to know that last Friday afternoon, at half past five, to be precise, the heavens darkened, thunder rumbled in the distance, the wind freshened and your casual friend snatching his overcoat and mentally adjuring his legs to do their duty, disappeared round the corner, and the distance to his boarding place vanished into mere nothingness. It was useless to time him for when we got to the corner of the course, like the Irishman's flea, he wasn't there. But it did rain. The spring shower was pitiless, as any number of respectable residents, who were out and suffered, will cheerfully testify.

We have cleaned up the grounds about the Institution, and with the advent of planting time we will decorate as our resources permit. Our boys are very handy in this particular; the work we can set them at on a pleasant afternoon they accept as good as play, and it certainly is a profitable outlet to the pent up exhilaration of the day. Every pupil likes his school and his teacher, and every one learns well. Such as are instructed in drawing, although the branch is one of very recent introduction, are making satisfactory progress, while the class in painting are doing splendidly. The studio is well worth a visit; the pictures on its walls, the work of the pupil's own brush, are recommendations in themselves. There hangs in the principal's office a picture which good judges say is superior to the original even. It certainly is not a bit inferior.

We have sixty-six pupils now, and we feel the need of an adequate building. It must not be inferred, however, that we are at our wits end to get along. It is nothing of the sort. We give each pupil room enough for proper requirements; abundant exercise, generous and wholesome diet. System and order prevail and things run smoothly.

The JOURNAL readers know that we have eight and a half acres of land, to build whatever we can upon. The when about it is at present known, if anywhere

only to the powers that be. However, I will tell you of one significant straw. Upon our land there is a pile of foundation stone, which was not there a month ago, and the architect is in constant consultation with the heads of the institution. Well, if there is no building this spring, the land will make an excellent ball field, and it is hardly five minutes walk from our present location.

They tell of an excellent trout stream six miles up in the country and Profs. C. and S. are going up some fine morning to see if there is anything to catch. Brother Conklin, don't you want to come along? No eels, flounders and such small fish this way. Nothing but trout.

C. S. M.
Rome, April 17, 1876.

Industrial Home Again.

MR. EDITOR.—Upon perusal of Mr. Swett's article in the JOURNAL of April 15th, I felt convinced of my folly in opposing the deaf and dumb alms, or workhouse plan any more. I acknowledge the necessity and feasibility of the project. With shame and sorrow I see that we, the New England deaf-mutes, are behind Mr. Swett's agents in matters of industry and energy. All of his agents are foreigners, and are smart enough to *raise* money to support themselves and their friends abroad, while he complains of the constant appeal for help or relief from him by his deaf-mute neighbors.

In regard to the Morrison legacy, I believe it will necessitate the republication of the long disused *Gallaudet Guide*, as the by-laws of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes forbid either the repeal or change of the title of that publication, or that of the society. Of course, the almshouse plan can have no access to the legacy.

As to my fare to Salem being paid by a kind friend of mine, it does not in the least concern Mr. Swett, but as I am anxious to contribute my mite towards the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, I will sell to the highest bidder the letter which Mr. Swett wrote to me offering his assistance to get me into some office if I would come to Salem.

Yours respectfully,
C. AUG. BROWN.
Belfast, Maine, April 18th, 1876.

The Sun-Bonnet's Complaint.

BY MRS. M. S. C. BELCHES.

DEAR EDITOR:—Do not be startled at this appearance of a sun-bonnet in your sanctum. It is not often that one of my humble sisterhood quits her quiet retreat in the country to mingle with the busy crowd, for as long as we are treated with respect and civility, we troubled no one with our complaints, but the time has now come when forbearance ceases to be virtue. The sun-bonnet, peculiar American in its origin, and worn in the best days of this Republic, when virtue and modesty meant something more substantial than mere names, is now almost entirely thrown aside for the masculine head-dress of French courtesans, barely tolerated in your fine palace cars, and well nigh banished from your city houses of worship; for what lady, except the very aged, would have the temerity to enter into any of your fashionable sanctums attired in a sun-bonnet! And what dweller in any large town on our lines of railroad has not witnessed the following scene: On the arrival of the dashing express train with its fine palace cars, a gaily dressed individual bedazzled with chains, bows and flourishes innumerable and whose "top-knot" is covered with something which presents the mingled appearance of a lamp post and a dish cloth, advances and immediately conductor and brakeman vie with each other in politeness, "This way, madam, let me take your sachel, bandbox, and umbrella," and carefully handed in by conductor followed by the brakeman with arms filled with sachel, basket, hat, feathers and the other trappings they proceed to select for her the most comfortable seat. But just at this auspicious moment timid sun-bonnet puts in an appearance and presto, change! The conductor observes something forward that demands his special and immediate attention and the sun-bonnet has to get aboard of the train as best it can, thankful, indeed, if its owner is not thrown on the floor by the sudden starting of the cars before a vacant seat can be procured, for, of course, the fine city gentlemen who crowded into the ladies' car would not think of offering their seats "just for a woman in a sun-bonnet." Now, Mr. Editor, we have not the vanity to suppose that anything which we could say would bring ourselves and our humble sisterhood again into the favor of the gay and the giddy throng, but we think we have a right to demand common attention and civility when compelled to leave our quiet country homes for the crowded city. Oh, ye who lord it over the traveling public, and ye who occupy the uppermost seats in our synagogues, do ye never think of the days when ye were children, when wearied with play and fretted by the tyranny of older brothers and sisters and the hired girl, ye hailed with delight the appearance of mother's sun-bonnet coming through the gate, and ye rushed with your trials and vexations into the arms of the never-failing mother's love, and the sun-bonnet recalling, as it may do to many of you, the thought of a buried face hidden forever from mortal eyes, that has exchanged the modest and lovely sun-bonnet for a crown of glory that fades not away.

Col. and Mrs. L. Parkhurst, for many years residents of this town but now residing in Minneapolis, Minn., are in town and their old friends and neighbors are glad to see them again.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. S. P. Gray preached at the Stone Quarry, and we understand that weekday evening meetings are held and much interest is awakened.

Wellington's Retraction.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having noticed several articles in your paper purporting to have been written by "Civis," and being naturally indignant at the wrong done to my friend Farley, I called your Correspondent (*Civis*) a "notorious falsifier." Since then I have learned that the falsehoods heretofore noticed should not be attributed to him, and make all the reparation in my power by correcting the expression.

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

WELLINGTON.
Brooklyn, April 18, 1876.

A Few Reflections.

Dear reader, in these remarks I hope I shall not be understood to advise, that you are in the habit of tedious minuteness in all your relations of facts and anecdotes.

Keep your conversation clear of envy, and to do it, the heart must be kept clear. I shall not stop to write a tirade against this crying sin. But I will point you to a noble example. Virgil and Horace were contemporaries—both poets—but panting after distinction—both patronized by the same hand—but caressed by the same nation, and both living and laboring for an immortality on earth and yet they ate at the same table, and in all their race, were friends.

Envy and jealousy never soured their dispositions, never marred their peace. Envy is one of the besetting sins of the student. He is sensitive, nervous, and longs for the approbation of men. He sees others, by some apparently fortuitous circumstances, prospered, caressed and honored, while he is forgotten and passed by.

What is more natural than that he should feel envy and show it in words, in severe, perhaps unjust remarks? Guard against the temptation. Envy is a demon which invariably dances attendance on men or women of small minds, and yet she was unable to talk, she would express her wishes in writing on a slate, and with her eyes closed, wrote legibly and neatly.

At the time of her death, which occurred on Tuesday of last week, she was conscious but unable to speak.

At the time of her decease she had lain fifty-eight days with no nourishment except the absorption of the milk and beef tea, not even, drinking water.

A post mortem examination was made by Drs. Heaton and Huntington, on Wednesday. The throat, chest, lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys were in a normal condition. The left side, where the pain originated, was in a healthy condition.

Miss Stainsby's health had been good until her attack in April, and the physicians think her death was the result of extreme nervous prostration rather than of any disease or starvation.

The case is a very singular one, and has very much interested physicians and the public in general.

A Medical Phenomenon.

A few weeks ago we gave a brief account concerning a woman by the name of Stainsby, who died on the 18th instant.

The deceased, Martha Stainsby, lived with her mother, on the Colosse road, about two and a half miles from this village. Mrs. Stainsby has been sick for ten years, and during three years of that time has been bed-ridden and helpless, the result of a nervous disease.

Early in April last, Martha was taken

sick with a neuralgic affection of the face and head, which she thought proceeded from decayed teeth.

From April to August she suffered from this trouble, and at last had them extracted, which was a very difficult operation, performed gratuitously by H. H. Dobson, of this village. On her way home she wastaken with pains in the left side, just below the ribs, which were so severe as to throw her into convulsions. It is said that sometimes she had as many as a hundred in twenty-four hours. From her side the pain went to her chest, and from there it went to her throat, and then she experienced much difficulty in swallowing.

From the 20th to the 27th of February she took no nourishment except a table-spoonful of cream each day. On the 27th of February the last successful attempt was made to introduce food into her stomach. At that time the convulsions were so violent as to make it seem best to abstain from any further attempt.

After this time her physicians, Drs. Heaton and Huntington, treated her with hypodermic injections, introducing medicaments into the arms, and bathing her stomach, chest and bowels with milk and strong beef tea. All attempts to eat were useless, and about this time she expressed her belief that she would never be able to eat again. While at times she was unable to talk, she would express her wishes in writing on a slate, and with her eyes closed, wrote legibly and neatly.

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PARISH.

Rev. Wm. H. Hall, the new minister in charge here, is now a student in the Syracuse University. He will close his studies in June.

We notice that the M. E. Conference condemns the permission of selling ardent spirits at the Centennial grounds, Philadelphia. This is right. At the Grange quarters in Philadelphia, ardent spirits are not allowed to be sold. It is well to note that individuals outside the grange, of good moral character, will behead provided they are recommended by grangers. Gambling is also prohibited there.

Rooms and board can be obtained at the grange quarters very cheap. Their quarters are only a few minutes' ride from the Centennial grounds.

W. S. Seymour now occupies the hardware store vacated by G. H. Padlock.

The lease of the Parish House having expired, Mr. Quintelle has left. He goes to the centennial.

Rev. Mr. Munger is on the supernumerary list of Methodist ministers. He is going to the centennial and has obtained a paper to admit him to the Grange quarters, so as to be on temperance ground.

Parish is designated as a Money Order Post Office by the P. O. department, to take effect in July. Good.

OHD.

Parish, April 17, 1876.

Rural Life.

The many friends of Misses Mary Alden and Ella French, who used to reside in this village, may be interested in the following concerning the part they took in a concert given in the interests of the University Avenue church, in Syracuse, N. Y. We copy from the Wednesday Standard:

"The vocal and instrumental concert, in the interest of the University Avenue church, last evening, was well attended, and a success. The programme though entirely classical, was so varied as to suit every variety of taste. The instrumental pieces were especially fine. Those who have heard Miss French render only ordinary church music, can have but little appreciation of her power over the organ. The finest feature of the programme was her rendering of the 'First Communion' by Batista. We had the pleasure of listening to the same selection, as rendered by Sheldon, some time since; while he shows wonderful mechanical skill, we feel safe in asserting that Miss French excels him in touch and expression. Miss Alden gave conclusive proof that she has a voice of no common power and volume, and one which shows the value of its rare and extensive training."

"Mr. L. F. Alfred, of this village, has a gun in his possession that formerly belonged to his father, which is one hundred years old.

"L. R. Muzzy, of the Democrat was in town yesterday and gave us a call. Pulaski agrees with him we think for he looked so handsome and had on such fine toggy we had to look twice before we recognized him.

"Mr. and Mrs. P. M. French, of Syracuse, spent last Sabbath in this village.

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols and family, of Fulton, have been visiting at Mr. L. F. Alfred's.

"That side walk of ours is a good job. It was built by Homer Ames and S. T. Kenyon.

News of the Week.

Minister's Diet.

Rev. Mr. Talmadge is noted for illustrating very powerful truths with very homely language. The following regarding minister's diet is a specimen:

"One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain-food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. See that your minister has a full laversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the 'parson's nose' in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast plate, but drowned at last; the linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox, and measly biscuit, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucier, and stale encumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make Sons of Thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavily pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

Democratic District Convention.

At a Democratic District Convention for the Third Assembly District, Oswego Co., held at the Court House at Palaski, April 22d, 1876,

H. E. Root, of Sandy Creek, was chosen chairman. F. H. Berry, of Amboy, and W. G. Baxter, of Parish, were chosen Secretaries.

The following is the list of delegates present:

ALBION.—N. G. Eastman, R. G. McAuley, Stephen Litts, James Bently, James Bullen.

AMROY.—F. H. Berry, Phillip Hess, Jerry Foley.

BOYLSTON.—Nelson G. Williams, J. A. Oudeirkirk, Judson Shoecraft, E. B. Woodward, E. Ward.

MEXICO.—G. A. Dayton, Sterling Newell, Joseph Simons, S. R. Spooner.

NEW HAVEN.—E. A. Granger, E. W. Jones, Geo. Howard, C. B. Hewitt, A. M. May.

ORWELL.—H. H. Potter, Henry Beadle, Albert Barker.

PARISH.—G. W. Ludington, T. J. Green, L. D. Snell, Edward Edick, W. G. Baxter.

RICHLAND.—A. R. Jones, W. F. Purdy, L. A. Gaylord, J. W. Cross, David Trumbull.

SANDY CREEK.—H. E. Root, H. W. Seeley, G. N. Harding, John Davis, A. Wart.

Something About Texas.

Venily in Texas we have the full realization of Tom Moore's Utopia; a land that flows with milk and honey; a country of perpetual sunshine and perennial bloom; a paradise, upon which the winds of heaven blow not too harshly, except during a "northern"; and where the roses bloom all the year round, and the soul-soothing strains of the mosquito fall upon the ears of restless humanity from the 1st day of January to the 31st of December. Where peaches are as large as pumpkins, and rabbits as large as mules; where fleas have horns, and bats are as large as buzzards; where the houses have chimneys on the outside in order to keep them from falling to pieces, and no curtains to the windows, or carpets upon the floor. Where the men wear pistols and spurs, and occasionally indulge in the innocent recreation of putting out "each other's lights," as they familiarly term what in a more civilized country would be called murder. Where the women talk about the late "unpleasantness," as they term the rebellion; where farmers plow the land with a wooden plow, and harrow the same with a tree; where a ranchman considers himself hampered if there is a white inhabitant within ten miles of him, and has not the remotest idea of the number of his stock; where, with a light and wholesome diet of corn bread and bacon, the enterprising inhabitants are happy year in and year out; where they have all their improved machinery in a fence corner, and it takes from ten to twelve yoke of oxen to haul an empty wagon over a smooth road, and requires from fifteen to twenty able-bodied men to milk a gentle cow; where five hundred brick and two colored men are a load for six mules; where the swine are thin and swift, and are fine exemplifications of root, hog or die. Where horses are very dear at ten and twelve dollars apiece, and can travel just as well upon two legs as four, often to the great disgust and discomfiture of the unfortunate rider; where, with countless herds upon the hillsides, and ten thousand times ten thousand cattle upon the prairies, they eat Yankee butter all the year round, and do without milk; where every school is a college and every creek a river; where every boy is a man, and every man a colonel, and every other man a judge—of good whisky; where every hill is a mountain and every town a city; where they have from four to five different kinds of weather in a single day, and a person never gets sick but what death is sure to follow; where farmers never get out of debt, and it is impossible to find a single man who was not rich before the war; where land is cheap, and twenty different persons claim the same with apparently equally good titles; where the Sabbath is not recognized, and everybody wants to know what your name was before you came to Texas.

Texas might fully be compared to a modern mouse-trap, easy to get into, but hard to get out of. Fourteen dollars will bring the unwary emigrant to Texas, from any part of the North; but it takes four times that amount to enable him to return; hence he is liable to linger there, for an ordinary lifetime is far too short to enable him to acquire sufficient cash to get home again. Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-ties. Creeds are not so much imported as at one time, but are home-made, which causes a great variety.—"Bric-a-Brac," Scribler for May.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—She was a romantic young lady, and he, her father, took a practical view of everything. She looked up from her book in botany, and inquired:

"Father, did you ever study botany?"

He was interested in his paper, and did not reply, and presently she continued:

"Papa, what flower do you prefer?"

"Flour, eh? I always get that made from winter wheat, if I can—I think it makes better bread!"

She sighed and wished there was a young man on the other end of the sofa

Lincoln's Favorite Children.

In his oration at the unveiling of the Lincoln monument at Washington on the 14th, Frederick Douglass said: "First, midst and last you and yours were the object of his deepest solicitude. You are the children of Abraham Lincoln. We are at best only his step-children, by adoption, children by force of circumstances and necessity. To you it especially belongs to sound his praises, to preserve and perpetuate his memory, to multiply his statues, to hang his pictures on your walls, and command his example, for to you he was a great and glorious friend and benefactor. Instead of supplanting you at this altar, we would exhort you to build high his monuments; let them be of the most costly material, of the most costly workmanship; let their forms be symmetrical, beautiful and perfect; let their bases be upon solid rocks, and their summits lean against the unchanging blue overhanging sky, and let them endure forever!" But while in the abundance of your wealth and in the fulness of your just and patriotic devotion, you do all this, we entreat you to despise not the humble offering we this day unveil to view; for while Abraham Lincoln saved for you a country, he delivered us from a bondage, according to Jefferson, one hour of which was worse than ages of the oppression your fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

V. G.
Mexico, April 20, 1876.

A Long Honeymoon.

Madame Gay-Lussac recently died at an advanced age. Her husband found her in a haberdasher's shop reading a treatise on chemistry, and was so impressed by the girl's beauty and intelligence that the embryo peer of France proposed and was accepted. They were hardly married a year when he was conveyed home, his eyes nearly burned in his head from an explosion in his laboratory. For twelve months he had to keep his room, and could support only a feeble night light, by which his wife read to him. She was not only beautiful, but witty and distinguished in society. She was her husband's private secretary, and her writing could not be distinguished from his. Their honeymoon lasted forty years.

Lake Titicaca, situated on the crest of the Andes, is the most singular lake in the world. It is about the size of Lake Ontario, and is the highest body of fresh water in the world, being about 12,500 feet above sea-level. On an island in it are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and around it are various monuments attesting the skill of the Incas. This lake never freezes over, and two little steamers do a trifling business upon its waters.

A Man's Daily Food.

From eight to twelve ounces of dry food in the day, according to Dr. Nichols, amply sufficient to keep a man in perfect health, with all his powers and faculties at their highest efficiency; but, since water enters so largely into the composition of everything, it would take two pounds or more of food as it comes to the table to furnish the eight or twelve ounces of solid nutriment. In proof of his statements as to the sufficiency of his allowance, Dr. Nichols quotes the well-known case of the Venetian, Louis Corrado, whose enfeebled constitution, restored by strict sobriety, became so healthy and vigorous, that at a hundred years old he was in full possession of all his faculties and all his powers.

Mrs. Temple has just opened a choice stock of Millinery, at the old stand, corner Main and Washington Sts., to which she takes pleasure in calling the attention of the ladies of Mexico and vicinity; and is now ready with a full line of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Flowers, Neckties, &c. Straw work done with neatness and dispatch.

Syracuse, April 11, 1876. 24-3

Fashionable Millinery.

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Mexico, April 11, 1876. 24-3

Something of a wag: a dog's tail.

You can get your Pictures framed at H. M. Bard's Furniture Rooms at reasonable rates.

THE TANIE CO., STROUDSBURG, PA., Emery Wheels and Machinery.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

10-1y

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

HENRY C. PECK.

B.F. C. HALE, Attorney.

MARTHA M. BARNES, Assegee.

138, 1876.

NOTICE.—Notice of application for discharge

of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of article 3d of title 1st of chapter fifth of the second part of the revised statutes.

Willard H. Slocum, Applicant. Notice just published, Jan. 7th, 1876. Creditors to appear before Hon. Cyrus Whitney, County Judge, of Oswego County, N. Y., at his chambers in the city of Oswego, on the 26th day of February, 1876, at 10 A. M.

B. G. LEWIS, Attorney for Insolvent.

TO

IN

SPECIE.

Save Your Money

AND

Patronize Home Institutions.

DON'T GO TO

Pulaski, Syracuse, Fulton or Oswego

FOR YOUR

Harnesses

WHEN YOU CAN

Buy them Cheaper

AT

BROWN'S of MEXICO.

SEE THE PRICES

Good Farm Harness, \$30 00

" " " with breeching, 35 00

Single Harness from \$10 to \$35 for best.

A No. 1 team Collars per pair, 55 50

Good five-ringed Halters, pair, 2 00

With stakes, 2 50

Web Halters, - 75

Harness Oil, per quart, 50

All other goods in my line proportionately low.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. ALL

work warranted.

P. S.—Full Plated Single Harness, \$25.

Remember the place—the store formerly occupied by the late Benjamin Gregory, on the south side of Main St. S.

JACOB T. BROWN.

Y., Dec. 1, 1876. 5-2m

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

To John McLeod, residing in Granby, Oswego County, N. Y.; Rose Johnson, residing at Brooklyn village, Ohio; Polly Ann Biggs, residing at Lysander, Oneida County, N. Y.; Mary Elmire Rose, and Sarah Elizabeth Rose, severally, residing at Granby, Oswego County, N. Y.; Charles F. Willer, of the town of Granby, in the County of Oswego, deceased, late of the town of Granby, in the County of Oswego, deceased, son and sending:

Willie F. Willer, of the town of Granby, in the County of Oswego, has lately made application to our Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to real and personal estate, fully proved and acknowledged, of said Lawrence McLeod, deceased; you and each of us are hereby cited and required personally, to be and appear before our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of Granby, on the 29th day of April, 1876, in the afternoon of that day, and there to attend to the probate of said instrument as the last will and testament of said deceased.

Witness, Timothy W. Skinner, Surrogate of the County of Oswego.

Timothy W. Skinner, Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to real and personal estate, fully proved and acknowledged, of the late John McLeod, deceased; you and each of us are hereby cited and required personally, to be and appear before our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of Granby, on the 29th day of April, 1876, in the afternoon of that day, and there to attend to the probate of said instrument as the last will and testament of said deceased.

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